

THE BAREFOOT BOY OF BRITTANY HILLS





THE BAREFOOT BOY
OF
BRITTANY HILLS

by
ARTHUR R. VINTON

Illustrated by
HOWARD P. SWANSON

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by
ARTHUR R. VINTON
Brittany Hills
Rock Tavern, New York

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Dedicated to the discerning everywhere
Who take pride in the art of pleasing the
palate—not only their own, but of those
fortunate enough to be their guests.
In short — — —
To the gourmet.

The Barefoot Boy of Brittany Hills



A Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey and—yes, you guessed it

For years, my mail has been liberally peppered with the following questions:

- a. What is an actor doing on a farm?
- b. Why did you start raising turkeys?
- c. What's so different about your turkeys, anyway?
- d. Why don't you enclose some recipes telling me how to cook the damn thing?
- e. Will you please send me an autographed photo?
- f. Are you really a barefoot boy?

On the following pages, I have attempted to answer the above and other questions which might arise.

Should you read these pages and find them interesting, I will be pleased.

Should my experiences give you a smile, I will be delighted.

Should you succumb to my wiles and purchase a turkey, I will be in ecstasy.

*Have courage, friend, and envy not—
From the cities' turmoil, flee;
Be not afraid, but cast your lot—
Contentment, find, in God's country;
There life will be a constant joy—
So banish strife and sorrow
You, too, can be a "barefoot boy"
With trusting faith in—Tomorrow.*

A. R. V.

In 1929, tiring of dodging the bodies of investment bankers hurtling from the windows of New York skyscrapers, I decided to get Away From It All. A quaint little place in the country, I decided would be my dish. I would sit on the front porch, quietly sipping a julep, every inch the country squire.



I spent long winter months reading catalogues of all descriptions and enthusiastically poring over Farm For Sale advertisements. You know the sort — quaint colonial farm house, entrancing entrance — cozy rooms — Benedict Arnold slept in the coal bin — breathtaking view — two hundred acres, sacrifice to right party.

Write Owner Box 429.

Endless travel soon taught me that the so-called picturesque farms failed to even remotely resemble the glowing descriptions of the advertisements. I was tempted to give up my search, but I was convinced that my dream farm, like prosperity, was just around the corner.

A cold dreary day in December 1929, found me trudging up a long narrow almost impassible farm lane. Reaching the top disclosed a sight that was a joy to behold. To the east rose Mount Beacon in all its naked grandeur, the majestic Hudson River and the friendly pre-revolutionary city of Newburgh. To the south loomed forbidding Storm King and Bear Mountain. To the west the Shawangunk Mountains and to the north the foothills of the Catskills. Where I stood were gently rolling hills and in the distance, snuggled in a protecting valley, was the object of my search. This was it! My heart's desire. It was an old farm



house, built in 1760. Its general air of dilapidation gave me the eerie impression that the only thing holding it together was



the spirit of its rugged colonial builder. Tastefully arranged around the house was an assortment of tin cans, broken down hog-pens, decrepit chicken houses and a beautiful but temporarily out of order three-holer. I was

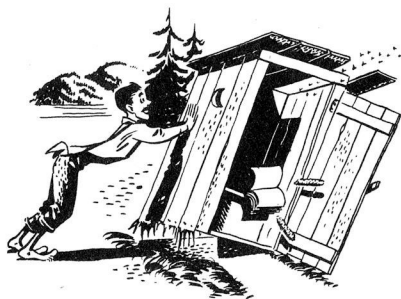
fascinated by the stand of magnificent century-old trees, surrounding the homestead. In all my search, I had never seen trees like these. I realized that I could remodel or build a new house, I could remove the hog-pens, I could landscape the place, I could even demolish the three-holer, but only God can make a tree.

A few days of frantic calculation convinced me that I could make something beautiful and livable out of the tired old house. I made the sweeping decision to part with practically all my capital to purchase what everyone had passed up as a ruin. I spent months lugging rubbish away and fell into a dawn to darkness routine of manual labor, in which I was buoyed up by the feeling that I was pleasing not only myself but was also receiving the approbation of the long-departed original owner. I tore down walls, roof and siding, with the irrepressible enthusiasm of the utterly uninformed. I smashed fingers, got splinters in my whatsit and caught poison ivy. I . . . was very happy.



One day I awoke to discover that money is a necessary evil. And I no longer had any. In addition to my labor, I would need money and plenty of it to make my dream come true. There was only one thing to do—go to work at my lifelong profession—the theatre. I prayed for a part in a Broadway play that

would run long enough to provide sufficient funds to restore the roof, rebuild the walls, that I had so happily torn down and give me a porch which I could step on without breaking a leg.



My prayers were answered. I landed a featured part in a play called *On The Spot*. It had a long and profitable Broadway run. Other plays followed. My luck was in. The house began to take on shape — not to mention running water, a bathroom, electric lights and an honest to goodness furnace. The three-holer was sent anonymously to the Smithsonian

institute. Gone was the appearance of Tobacco Road for my home had finally reached the stage of livability where it deserved a name.

Americans have never as a race been particularly gifted at naming country places. Dew-Drop Inn, Sotobed, Stillwood Farm and Just-A-Wee House, were simply not my dish of tea. Hearts Desire sounded too much like Noel Coward in a sentimental mood.

Analyzing the situation, my home is located in Little Britain. Surrounding the house are gently rolling hills, what kind of hills? Little Britain Hills? Great Britain Hills? Britain Hills? Came dawn—Brittany Hills!

My daily travels to New York, sixty miles away, brought me into contact with hundreds of jaded citizens who were simply dying to spend a week-end in the country. By every possible means of transportation, they descended on Brittany Hills like a swarm of grasshoppers. After gormandizing from my well-stocked larder and giving my scant supply of liquor a hearty going over, they all would incoherently ask me the same infernal question: "What are you going to do with all the land?" The first few



times I heard it, I retained my poise, nonchalantly tossing out a merry quip.

"What are you going to do with Central Park?" I would smirk urbanely.

After the thousandth repetition of the question, "What are you going to do with all the land," I grew tired saying again and again that I was happy and received a great deal of pleasure from just looking at all that land. Eventually my friends' friends would drop in with their friends who did not even wait to be introduced before they shrieked gaily, "What are you going to do with all that land?"



Before long, it seemed that even small children would stop me on highways and byways and shrill "What are you going to do with all that land?" I wandered the streets aimlessly muttering to myself. I began to look haggard, my appetite was gone, peculiar spots appeared in front of my eyes and my general appearance was that of a trapped animal. Once, as I, trod lonely and disconsolate through Central Park Zoo, I had



an hallucination that one of the camels leered toothily at me and grunted softly, "Hey, bud, what are you going to do with all that land?"

At last, I realized that I would either have to submit to the expensive humiliation of psychoanalysis or learn

something about farming.

Reluctantly, I visited neighboring truck farms and watched the workers patiently going about their laborious tasks. They bent over to pick spinach. They bent over to pick beans. They

bent over to pick onions. My back ached just from watching them bending over. Being six feet one inch in height had never bothered me before but now I saw that it was quite a stretch. I concluded that I was not built for truck farming.

In the meantime my ever-loving friends bombarded me with books on how to raise rabbits, goats, foxes, mink, chickens and cows, the more I read the more disinterested I became until I stumbled on the remarkable qualities of the dairy cow. Of all the breeds of dairy cattle raised in this country, my admiration and affection was won by the pure bred Guernsey. Beautiful to look at, the Guernsey has large, gentle brown eyes, well-set udders and a fawn and white satin-smooth hide, not unlike Betty Grable. I became

interested in pure breds and they cost real money, a minimum of six hundred dollars each. Being a perfectionist, I would never attempt to own or manage a herd until I gained the necessary knowledge to do the job well. I set out to learn dairy farming. I read, studied and talked cows. To my amazement, I found that they enjoyed breakfast at the ungodly hour of four A.M.



I was disconcerted to discover that it is much harder to get milk from a cow than it is to pour it out of a bottle. The pleasant myth of Ferdinand the bashful bull was quickly dissipated, when I saw how real bulls behaved. Even a producer has better manners.

My education in dairy husbandry had now reached a point where I was attending auction sales of pure bred cattle. Watching a sale, I nodded approval of a cow and was not only amazed but embarrassed when the auctioneer knocked down the cow to me. He wilfully misinterpreted my nod for a bid. I

was now the owner of a cow. Determining to go whole hog or none, I decided to buy lots of cows, when I realized my financial position would not even permit me to buy a herd of guinea pigs. In desperation, I thought—how can an actor make money when



he is not acting? I have known a few luckless thespians who in desperation rang doorbells and tried to sell Fuller brushes. Their experiences with suburban housewives were highly interesting but distinctly sordid. I was spared a fate worse than death when rumors reached me that many of my friends had struck gold in Hollywood, California. A pioneer at heart, I made the trek to El Dorado.

Luck was with me—and I landed a fat part in a picture called *Washington Merry-Go-Round*. Other pictures followed and with them the temptation to buy a yacht, a mansion in Beverly Hills, a small twenty-room shack at Palm Springs and a beach house. Stifling temptation, I scurried out into the country and revived my waning passion for cows. Between pictures, I drove around the state, visiting cattle ranches and discussing the physiology, psychology and breeding of bossies.

One day while driving through the San Fernando Valley my car stalled in front of a turkey ranch. The rancher very obligingly offered to help me and to make conversation, I asked, "Are turkeys difficult to raise?" He reacted as though he had stepped on a rattlesnake and held forth for some time.



"Turkeys are the damndest things that ever tried the patience of mankind. They are beautiful to look at—fragile as an orchid—stupid beyond belief—they stand in the rain

and drown—they are afraid of their own shadow—they are a prey to every possible disease and their natural attitude toward life is, to hell with it.”

After this hysterical outburst, I retired from the scene mumbling to myself, “That turkey grower was putting on an act—he uses that pat speech to scare other people from going into the turkey business. He’s an awful liar.” To learn the truth, I read up on turkeys and discovered — he wasn’t a liar. At last the day arrived when I thought I had sufficient money to return to Brittany Hills and lead the life I wanted to lead. I was now the captain of my ship — the master of my soul. Assembling a herd of pure bred Guernseys, supervising the work of one hundred-odd acres, besides doing my stint on various radio shows, including Crime Doctor, The Shadow, and Mr. District Attorney, kept me fairly busy.

On one of my thrice weekly jaunts to New York to emote over the airways, I met a friend who was in the depths of despair. He was broke, fed up with the city and wanted to get Away From It All. My sympathy was aroused, I tried to think of some way to help him. I gently asked, “Do you know anything about turkeys?” His reply was not a sop to my professional pride. Looking me squarely in the eye, he said, “If your last play wasn’t a turkey, I don’t know a turkey when I see one.” Having no illusions concerning that particular play, I agreed that it was a turkey—but added that I was not referring to turkey as used in dramatic criticism. My remark was greeted with apathy, so to rouse his interest I asked “What did your father always bring home a day or two before Thanksgiving?” Without a moment’s hesitation, he replied, “Generally a beaut of a load.” Not wishing him to misjudge his sainted father, I explained, “Many men became extremely depressed after making their holiday purchase at the butchers. Therefore, it was the custom to stop at the gin mill for a few morale builders before surprising the startled family with the traditional Thanksgiving



gift. A few drinks would provide the necessary courage to open the butcher's bag with a grand flourish and drag forth a spavined, muscle-bound wretch that resembled a long-dead American eagle. Whereupon father would probably proclaim,

"This is the Thanksgiving turkey."



My friend came out of his lethargy and screamed, "Oh, that kind of turkey! I hate it! It tastes like sawdust! My father used to punish me when I was a kid by making me eat that crow meat." Then he shot another barb at me, "I suppose the reason why the Puritans never smiled and always are pictured grim and glum, was

due to the fact, that they had to eat turkey practically all of the time."

Now I was getting somewhere. I felt that all I had to do was to convince him of the merits of the particular turkey I had in mind and he would come along peacefully and go into the turkey business. I talked turkey for hours, then invited him for dinner but took the precaution of passing up the turkey on the menu and ordered two thick, rare filet mignons with sauce Bernaise. I wasn't taking any chances of having my sales talk ruined.

Every time I came to New York I would hunt him up and give him the old pep talk on turkeys, hand him books on turkey raising and put him through the ABC's of turkey farming. Eventually the day arrived when he became convinced of the following: The noble experiment would cost him nothing. I would accept full responsibility, financial and otherwise, also complete supervision of the embryonic venture. He would receive a salary until the project would pay its way. Then he would be in the turkey business on his own. I had studied turkeys for years and talked as if I knew something about them. Since I am a perfectionist, the small setup would have

to be the last word scientifically. The turkeys produced would have to be a special sort, unknown to the general public and not sold in stores. My friends who had egged me on in my farming venture would be the ones to eat these rare birds and incidentally pay for them.

I had great difficulty rousing my turkey rancher at six A.M. He complained that he missed the noise of the city and that the owls and peepers kept him awake all night. I was championing at the bit, like an old fire horse in

my anxiety to start building the four houses that were to house four hundred turkeys. Once we were started my spirits soared high but for some reason my friend was allergic to everything in the country.

Hornets, wasps and bees, sensing his dislike of the great outdoors, would periodically fly over in formation, swoop down

and thoroughly blitz any exposed portion of his anatomy. Poison ivy and sumach had a great antipathy toward him. He had only to walk by either and he would swell up and turn green. Hawks startled him — he evidently mistook them for buzzards searching for carrion. He swore he had been attacked by a bear and when I investigated, I discovered that he had been alarmed by a menacing woodchuck. By now, I began to suspect that my

friend was not exactly a Frank Merriwell. But, optimist that I am, I hoped for the best. One day I took him over to a turkey farm and asked him to hold a tom turkey while I examined it.



He reacted as if I had asked him to stick his head into the mouth of a man-eating lion.

Slowly I became convinced that I was going to be shoved right into the turkey business. A couple of weeks later, just two days before the four hundred poults (young turkeys) were to arrive, I returned from the city and learned that he had decamped — stating that he hated the country and hated turkeys. Very likely he hated me, too.



The majority of the four hundred young turkeys were successfully raised and my friends were informed by letter as to their being available. My friends' friends, told

their friends' friends, about the wonderful, rare, succulent quality of Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys. Today, through the greatest advertising medium of the world, word of mouth, I have the pleasure of shipping turkeys all over the country to the great, the near great and to people that just love the unusual.

During the war years when acute labor problems arose, I, like many other breeders, was forced to dispose of my wonderful herd of pure bred Guernseys. I took as much pride in them as Billy Rose does in his show girls. I had the pleasure of seeing them placed on the National Dairy Honor Roll plus the satisfaction of knowing that the offspring of Brittany Hills Guernseys are the best cows on many a dairy farm today.



The four original turkey houses have grown to a miniature city and the four hundred original turkeys have grown to thousands annually.

In the *Newburgh News* of November 27, 1946, I read with pleasure a long front page article headed: "Arthur Vinton, one of the nation's foremost producers of the national bird."

My remaining ambition is—when the years roll by and I no longer have the spirit of the Barefoot Boy of Brittany Hills, that I may at last sit on the porch and gracefully become—

THE SAGE OF BRITTANY HILLS





The staff at Brittany Hills know their business

Above, John M. Clement, Esq., is demonstrating the technique of judging Toms for breeding purposes. Being an expert, he will tell you, "Eggs come from turkeys and after 28 days of incubation, vice versa, turkeys come from eggs." Simple, isn't it? Young turkeys are called poults; why, I don't know, neither does my expert. Mr. Clement glibly informs visitors that poults are raised in the 150-ft. brooder house, wherein a temperature of 95 degrees is maintained. The same as New York City in August. He prattles on—the little darlings must be taught to eat and drink, otherwise they will perish before their allotted time. Mr. Clement doesn't know yet, the only trick to know, to successfully raise turkeys, is to keep them eating and drinking but, as many have discovered to their dismay, it is quite a trick, if you can do it.

HOW TO COOK

A Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey

Regardless of what you have read or how you usually roast a turkey, follow my directions and you will have a turkey extraordinaire. These birds are different, their very souls are different, hence they require different cooking. Oh, by the way, I thought you would like to know Helen Hayes, one of the world's great actresses, wrote me, "The turkeys have been simply delicious and we thought of you with love and gratitude."

Is everybody paying attention? Is your eye bright, your mind clear, your hand steady? Voila bien. One commences. Attendez!

1. Rinse the bird, dry it thoroughly inside and out. Take $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon of salt for each pound of turkey's weight and anoint the bird thoroughly inside and out, rub the salt well in.

2. Oil the skin thoroughly with butter. (The very best butter, of course.)

3. Place enough dressing in the neck to give it a pleasing degree of plumpness. Fill the cavity well, but not too well, with dressing. Do not pack the dressing too tightly, as it will swell during roasting.

4. Truss the bird and set your oven at 350° F.

5. Place turkey **BREAST DOWN** in pan **WITHOUT COVER** and leave oven closed for **ONE HOUR**. (By all means get a turkey rack, they do a grand job.)

6. Open oven and cut trussing strings between drumsticks. This releases the legs and makes for better cooking of the inner thighs, improves the appearance of the bird on the platter and facilitates carving.

7. Next baste and repeat the basting every 30 MINUTES, no oftener (and no peeking between times).

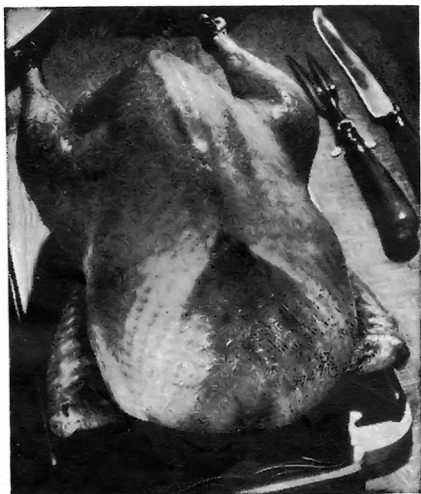
8. Ovens vary, therefore, it is difficult to specify the exact roasting time, but it should approximate from 15 to 20 minutes per pound.

9. Half an hour before the turkey is done, turn it over on its back so as to brown the breast.

10. When is the turkey done? To test, move the leg by grasping end bone. If the drumstick-thigh joints break or move easily, the turkey is done.

11. Following these directions will give you the most delicious turkey you have ever eaten and negligible shrinkage.

12. Do not sear! Do not cover! Do not add water to the pan!





You can see work is really a pleasure at Brittany Hills

[L to R John M. Clement Sr, unknown, Arthur Vinton]

My Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys are pure white with a pedigree longer than an O'Neil trilogy. These snowy thatched beauties are the result of years of scientific breeding making them "The World's Finest Turkey." They pass their brief lives (seven months at the most) in the above palatial palaces. Their dainty feet never touch the mean and dusty earth. Nothing but the choicest grains and milk ever enter their pristine gullets. They have never known the dubious joys of exercise, hence like executives, they bulge with succulent, tender, unused muscles.

VISITORS WELCOME—I would be happy to have you visit Brittany Hills but should you encounter a tall, barefooted, non-descript looking individual, it will be wise to suggest that you came to see the turkeys. I merely mention this because sometimes I have mistaken visitors for lightning rod salesmen and Jehovah's Witnesses and nonchalantly informed them. "Mr. Vinton is in New York."

TURKEY DRESSINGS

This is a matter of individual preference and all tastes are not alike, as Mrs. O'Leary so aptly learned when she kissed the cow, which in turn kicked over the lantern and caused the Chicago fire.

BRITTANY HILLS OLD FASHIONED DRESSING

Oh! I almost forgot, Lowell Thomas, the famous commentator, wrote, "Turkeys arrived on time and were wonderful."

Dry Dressing (12 to 16 lb. bird)

4½ quarts stale (not hard) diced bread, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup minced celery, ¾ cup minced onion, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, sage and thyme to taste, 1 cup butter. If giblets are to be used in dressing, chop gizzard, liver and heart fine, place in skillet with onions and celery and saute in butter for 5 minutes before adding to bread mixture.

Moist Dressing

Hon. Thomas E. Desmond, who is doing an outstanding job as New York State Senator, wrote me: "Mrs. Desmond and myself consider your turkeys the best we have ever tasted."

1½ to 2 lbs. white break, soak in water, 2 finely chopped medium sized onions, 2 whole eggs, 3 oz. butter, salt and pepper to taste. Chop gizzard after removing fat, place in skillet to render, after rendering remove residue, add butter, lean meat of gizzard, liver and heart chopped fine. Pan fry on quick fire until liquid has evaporated, add onion and cook about two minutes while stirring. Press water from bread, place in mixing bowl, add fried giblets, onions and 2 eggs, salt, pepper and mix thoroughly for proper seasoning.

Chestnut Dressing

Senator Ford rarely tells an old chestnut on "Can You Top This" but he did say: "Your turkeys are here today and gone tomorrow, so I am always looking forward to your next one."

¾ lb. shelled chestnuts, prepare as follows: Place chestnuts in cold water to cover, bring to a boil and boil gently for five minutes, drain and peel. If meats are not tender enough, drop in simmering salted water and simmer until tender. Chop coarsely, add to either Dry or Moist Dressing.

Oyster Dressing

Undoubtedly you have heard N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra with the distinguished conductor, Dr. Frank Black, who writes: "I have been very proud to recommend your turkeys to my friends."

1 pint or more of drained oysters, these may be chopped, left whole if small, added raw or preheated in 2 tablespoons of butter, then added to the Dry or Moist Dressing.

Sausage Dressing

Claudia Morgan not only does a grand job starring in "The Thin Man" over W C B S but also raises plenty of pedigreed pigs on her farm, which in turn provide her with delectable hams, bacon and sausage, however, Miss Morgan has been getting turkeys from me for years and enthusiastically writes: "My friends are grateful for recommending your wonderful birds."

½ to 1 lb. sausage, break into small chunks and brown lightly, add to Dry or Moist Dressing.



Cute little rascals, aren't they?

Although there are times they make se so whopping mad, I could wring their dainty necks. My, my, what am I saying? Wringing their necks is exactly what I must do—however reluctantly—whenever you gourmets crave a turkey broiler.

Weighing from five to six pounds, **Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey Broilers** are heavy with succulent meat and are truly the answer to a gourmet's prayer.

Serve these unusual birds prepared according to either my recipe or your own and you will agree with me, that they are the ultimate in the fine art of palate-pleasing.

Should you have a freezer, it would be wise to keep half a dozen or more of these Gourmet Delights on hand, pending the dreadful moment when those **very important** people arrive unannounced.

Canadian Potato Dressing

(This dressing may startle you but you can take my word that M. Gautier, owner of Harveys Restaurant, New York City, has been eminently successful in serving this dressing with Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys.)

Newspaper people are realists and deal only in facts, so I was more than pleased to receive the following from Vernon Brooks of the *New York World-Telegram*: "Both Mr. Macneish and Mr. Lee Wood in our office told me about the marvelous turkeys they had from you. I am enclosing check and hope you can send me an 18-lb. turkey for Christmas."

Saute 2 onions, add 3 lbs. ground pork (fry for a few minutes). Boil 2 lbs. potatoes, mash, add to onions and pork, season with salt, pepper, cinnamon and cloves (ground), then add 2 cups bread crumbs, mix thoroughly. Baste with a little sherry and water.

BRITTANY HILLS WHITE HOLLAND TURKEY a la VINTON

(for 12 persons)

(Conceived by that master of the culinary art, M. Richard Piscetta, owner of the French Chef Restaurant, Yonkers, New York.)

DO TRY THIS! Your guests will be in ecstasy and you will be ordering plenty of turkeys and undoubtedly will write me along the lines of a note I received from John F. Royal, Vice President of National Broadcasting Co.: "After having many of your turkeys, think it is about time that I acknowledge, they are very, very wonderful."

One commences. **ATTENDEZ!**

To prepare bird of 12 to 15 lbs. rub well with shortening and season by sprinkling with salt and pepper. Braise (if you do not have a deep braising pot, roast according to my directions, no dressing), basting often with celery, onion and carrots. When bird is cooked, remove from oven and set aside to cool. When bird has cooled to a temperature to allow for slicing, disjoint legs and split breast in lengthwise slices (starting from wing), cut 6 generous pieces from each side. Set meat aside. While bird is cooling, prior to slicing, prepare the following sauce: Approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of genuine Smithfield Virginia ham cut in thin strips (smoked ham if Smithfield is not available). Select 1 lb. of small white mushroom buttons, wash and cut these finely. Saute the ham in butter for 3 minutes over a brisk fire, then add mushrooms and allow to simmer till mushrooms are almost soft, then add 3 finely chopped onions, a pinch of paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of dry sherry (La Ina). Allow to reduce to about half its volume, then add 1 pint of sour cream, salt and pepper to taste. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of sherry again, stir briskly and immerse the 12 slices of turkey in sauce and allow the entire mass to simmer for 5 minutes.

To prepare the garniture: Select 3 large yams that have been previously boiled and slice lengthwise cuts approximately 1 inch in thickness. While sauce is simmering, fry these slices in either deep fat or pan fry them in shortening until they are a golden brown. Take 12 pineapple rings and glacé (glaze) with either sugar or honey.

To assemble dish: Place 1 slice of turkey upon 1 slice of yam, making 12 portions in all, upon large oval silver platter, then cover each portion with the sauce and mushrooms by dividing equally, then add the garniture of pineapple, securing same with toothpick skewer. Place platter in hot oven for a few minutes and serve. Garnish platter to personal appeal and with vegetable of personal taste. (Asparagus tips are suggested.)



THAT FRIENDLY PERSON AUNT JENNY

Millions listen to Aunt Jenny at 12:15 over C.B.S. Aunt Jenny made me very proud when she sent me her photograph and wrote: "Keep on raising turkeys like those you've been sending me and you will be the undisputed turkey king. I know you will be pleased with my Spry recipes."

AUNT JENNY'S OWN OVEN DISH (Serves 4)

Place slices of cooked turkey in Spry-coated 10 x 6 baking dish and lay 6 stalks of cooked broccoli over it. Melt 3 tablespoons Spry in saucepan, add 3 tablespoons flour stirred in with salt and pepper. Add 1½ cups milk or thin cream gradually, stirring constantly and cook until thickened. Add ½ cup grated cheese and heat until melted. Pour over turkey and broccoli. Mix 1 cup soft bread crumbs with 2 tablespoons of butter and sprinkle on top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

AUNT JENNY'S TURKEY CROQUETTES (Serves 6)

Melt 4 tablespoons Spry in top of double boiler, add 5 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add 1 cup of milk or turkey gravy and cook over hot water until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add 2 cups cooked turkey, finely chopped, 1 tablespoon chopped pimento, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon minced onion and blend. Spread mixture in shallow pan and chill until stiff. Cut into rounds with biscuit cutter, roll in ½ cup sifted bread crumbs, then in 1 egg, slightly beaten with 1 tablespoon of water, then again in crumbs. Fry in hot Spry (375° F.) about 1½ in. deep until brown. Drain on absorbent paper.

AUNT JENNY'S TURKEY PATTIES (Makes 9 to 12)

Make these tender, flaky patty shells for serving creamed turkey and use this same recipe for making turkey pie, turnovers and other pastry dishes.

Mix 2 cups sifted ALL-PURPOSE flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Measure out ¾ cup Spry.

Step 1 for Tenderness—Cut in about ¾ of the Spry with pastry blender or two knives until as fine as meal.

Step 2 for Flakiness—Cut in remaining Spry until size of large peas.

Sprinkle 4 tablespoons COLD water over different parts of mixture.

MIX thoroughly with fork until all particles cling together and form a ball of dough. Roll dough ⅛ inch thick and prick with fork. Cut in 5-inch rounds and fit over outside of muffin pans, pinching into about 7 pleats. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

WHITE HOLLAND TURKEY a la VINTON, EN PAPILOTTE

(For that dinner extraordinaire)

You, too, have probably had "Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick" over WOR at 8:15 and rightly enjoyed this charming couples' sprightly conversation. Dinner with Dorothy and Dick often includes Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey as the piece de resistance: "Your beautiful birds are always relished."

Prepare all as called for in recipe preceding, except in manner of service. Secure 12 pieces of brown paper approximately 12 x 12. Fold through center, cut as for cutting heart shape, grease well on both sides with shortening. Place paper before you with folded edges to your left and top of heart away from you, place yam and turkey in center of right side of heart. Pour sauce over same and garnish with pineapple, then fold left side over right so that edges coincide, seal open edge by folding under the open edge starting from the top. Now place the 12 papillottes on the silver platter and put same in oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from oven and serve immediately. To open papillottes, insert sharp knife in folded side and slit. Remove contents to sideboard or serving table and serve from there on dinner plate.

GOURMET'S DELIGHT

("Nobody loves a Fat Man." This recipe is truly an epic and one that Gourmets will really appreciate. Do try it and you will love Jack Smart, "The Fat Man," whose adventures you probably follow on WJZ 8 p.m. Friday, for concocting this one.)

Douglas V. Clarke, Editor of the *Newburgh-Beacon News*, certainly dispelled the old bromide, "A Prophet is Without Honor, etc.," when he wrote: "What a turkey! I realize now that you weren't kidding when you said in your cooking pamphlet, 'Even their souls are different.'"

Dice enough stale Italian bread to fill cavities. Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of good sausage meat, 2 large chopped onions, poultry seasoning, salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Then add one quart can of apple sauce to mixture. Set aside in a warm place until the bird is ready. Wash and dry the bird thoroughly inside and out, rub both cavities with salt, pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon. Stuff the bird, not too tightly to allow for swelling, and lace up apertures. Now—take 1 lb. butter and enough flour, when mixed with butter (melted) and water to cover the entire breast, topside legs and wings about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. Be sure to set aside enough paste to cover tender skin, that is exposed when the string trussing the legs are cut. Now—place the blanketed bird on its back on a bed of pineapple slices in the roasting pan. Put in a very hot oven (500°) for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then take out, cut trussing on legs and use the remaining paste on the exposed parts. Add 1 pint pineapple juice mixed with 1 pint warmed dark rum, place in oven again, reducing heat to 400 degrees, and baste bird every 20 minutes over paste and in any spots that might be exposed. When juice is reduced to practically nothing, mix again the same amount of basting mixture and continue the 20 minute interval basting until 45 minutes within the time the bird will be done (according to the size of the bird). Then remove bird, take off paste, using care not to peel the skin, then return to pan, add liver, heart and gizzard which have been chopped and sauted in butter and simmered in a little wine until tender. Return bird to oven, continue cooking for the last 45 minutes with frequent basting. Take out the brown beauty, place on a platter in warming oven, surrounded by the pineapple.

To make the gravy, add enough flour to thicken, being careful not to include the charred parts of the paste that may have stuck to the pan, add giblets; if gravy tastes a little sweet, add a little lemon juice to sharpen. Now serve with the usual accoutrements and wait for the encomiums.

SLICED BRITTANY HILLS TURKEY ON BORDURE (for 10)

(Anthony Lagasi, Chef de Cuisine, Beverly Hotel, New York City.) Many of those whose task is teaching the ABC's to New York's teeming population are customers of mine, including Paul A. Kennedy, Assist. Supt., Board of Education, who wrote: "By a unanimous vote a panel of more or less hard-to-please judges voted that the Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey was superlative."

Take a turkey about 10 lbs. and boil for 1½ hours or until tender. When cooked, slice the breast and second joint in very thin slices. Take 6 cups of heavy cream, boil for 10 minutes, or until it is reduced to about half: remove from fire and add 9 egg yolks and 6 oz. of melted sweet butter, little by little until it thickens. When this is done add 6 tablespoons of unsweetened whipped cream, season with salt and pepper and mix well. To serve: Take a large platter and make a border of Duchesse potatoes around the edge, place ten nice bunches of cooked broccoli in center of platter, sprinkle with parmesan cheese and a few peeled muscat grapes, then place the sliced turkey on top and spread with above sauce. Place on the broiler to brown, sprinkle with sherry wine and serve.

TURKEY WINGS a la BRITTANY HILLS

Naturally, among my clientele there are many doctors and their opinion coincides with Dr. C. Whitney Banks of New Rochelle, New York, who writes: "I am more than anxious to have you know that Mrs. Banks and I have never enjoyed more delicious turkeys."

If you feel your turkey is too large, remove wings by cutting through the joint, place them in a pot and cover with broth or water, one small onion, small bay leaf, one small carrot and season with salt and nutmeg. Boil for about 40 minutes, remove wings, continue boiling until reduced to half. Pan fry ½ lb. of sliced mushrooms, when slightly brown sprinkle with 1 teaspoon of flour and stir. Strain stock, let boil while stirring for 5 minutes. Add yolk of 1 egg mixed with ½ cup of cream, remove from fire and taste for seasoning. At the last, add a bit of finely chopped chives. Can be served with rice or buttered noodles.

CREAMED TURKEY VIRGINIA STYLE (for 6)

This is a recipe that the old rebel, Senator Claghorn (who keeps the nation laughing), enjoys and he told me: "That the only good thing that ever came out of the North is your Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys, and that ain't a joke, son."

Cube 1 lb. of white and dark meat of turkey, add ½ lb. of sliced mushrooms, 1 heaping teaspoon of deviled ham or ¼ lb. of Virginia ham cubed, ¼ pint of heavy cream, yolk of 1 egg and a jigger of sherry wine. Pan fry mushrooms, add turkey, season with salt and pepper, stir well. Heat and add the ham, then the cream, boil to reduce cream to about ¾. Mix yolk of egg with sherry wine, remove turkey from the fire and add egg yolk. Taste for seasoning. Serve with toast, hot biscuits, in patty shells, or on rice or noodles.

TURKEY a la KING

Ben Grauer, who practically covers the globe reporting for N.B.C., wrote: "The turkeys were gloriously received and eaten to the last crunch."

Saute ¼ lb. or 1 can mushrooms with 1 chopped green pepper in 5 tablespoons of butter until softened but not browned. Add 5 tablespoons flour, stir until well blended. Add 3 cups top milk or thin cream, stirring constantly until thickened. Add 3 cups diced turkey and set over hot water. Cream 2 tablespoons butter and stir in 3 egg yolks and seasoning, ½ teaspoon scraped onion or juice, ½ cup sliced pimientos, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon salt. Add to the turkey mixture, stirring constantly until the egg yolks are cooked. Add 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce or 3 tablespoons of sherry wine before serving.

TURKEY a la NEWBURG (4 servings)

"Father like Son," Keenan Wynn is ably demonstrating that he, too, is a grand comedian like his father, Ed, and they wrote: "Unquestionably the finest turkey we have ever tasted."

Cook 2 cups of fairly large pieces of turkey slowly for several minutes in 4 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne pepper and 2 tablespoons Sherry or Madeira wine. If mushrooms are used add ½ cup with the turkey. Add 1 cup cream and set over hot water to heat thoroughly. Beat 3 egg yolks and add 2 tablespoons wine, just before serving to thicken hot mixture slightly. Cook few minutes longer to cook the egg. Taste and add more seasoning if desired. Serve on hot toast and sprinkle each serving with paprika.

CASSEROLE OF TURKEY AND NOODLES (about 6 cups)

Harry McNaughton and George Shelton discovered long ago that "It Pays to Be Ignorant" but not when it comes to selecting turkeys, as George Shelton wrote: "Your turkeys are certainly the orchid of the turkey world"; and Harry McNaughton wrote: "It is the finest bird I ever remember eating."

Cook 6 oz. package of noodles in rapidly boiling salted water. Drain. Meanwhile saute 1 chopped green pepper in 3 tablespoons butter until slightly softened, add 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne pepper and stir to blend thoroughly. Add 1½ cups milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened throughout. Combine the above ingredients with 1 to 2 cups diced turkey, ¼ lb. cheese, chopped or grated, 1 small can mushrooms, 4 hard boiled eggs, chopped or sliced. Taste, add more seasoning if necessary. Place in greased casserole and bake in moderate oven until a slight bubbling of the sauce, which indicates sufficient cooking.

TURKEY CURRY (6 servings)

Millions of turkeys are raised in the State of Maryland but I ship many Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys there, and among my clientele is Mrs. C. C. Morgan of Chevy Chase, Maryland, who wrote: "Turkeys are plentiful here but as you know they do not have the rare quality of your birds."

Saute ½ cup finely chopped onion, 1 medium to large apple (peeled and diced), 1 large can of mushrooms, 3 cups diced turkey in 6 tablespoons butter until onion and apple begin to turn transparent, about 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from heat and add ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 to 1½ teaspoons curry powder and stir to blend thoroughly. Add 1½ cups turkey stock, top milk or cream, set over fire and cook until thickened throughout. Set over hot water, cover and cook 15 minutes longer to blend the flavors. Taste and add more seasoning if desired. Serve with hot bland rice.

HAMPSHIRE HOUSE—Chef de Cuisine Maurice Lassauze

Cold Turkey Black Eye Suzie

Jack Dempsey, who is still a "real champ," wrote: "You've proved a champ at raising turkeys. I am delighted with your success."

Parboil 8 large oysters, remove eye from each; drain; press lightly. Cut 8 slices of white meat turkey in leaf shape; arrange on a round platter; place an oyster on each slice. From a pint of aspic jelly take a little and melt it; with a pastry brush, spread jelly over turkey and oyster; place in refrigerator.

Mix thoroughly $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of mayonnaise and 1 tablespoonful of thick tomato paste. When ready to serve the dish, place mayonnaise in center of platter, garnish the top with a ripe olive, making the "Black Eye Suzie." Decorate border of platter with fine chopped aspic jelly.

SHERRY NETHERLAND—Chef de Cuisine Theophile Kieffer

Fried Turkey Sandwich a la Kirkeby

The Kirkeby Hotels are among the finest in the United States and A. S. Kirkeby, President, is one of the country's most progressive hotel men. Naturally, I was delighted to receive permission to use the top turkey recipes from the New York Kirkeby Hotels, Sherry Netherlands, The Gotham, Hampshire House and the Warwick.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked turkey, chopped
fine

Beaten egg
Butter

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup rich cream cause, well
seasoned bread

Syrup or relishes, if desired

Dip slice of bread, cut in half, into well-beaten egg, spread with turkey, mixed with the well-seasoned cream sauce, fry in butter till nicely browned. Serve with maple syrup or other relishes if desired.

HAMPSHIRE HOUSE—Chef de Cuisine Maurice Lassauze

Tid-Bits of Turkey

Bert Lahr, that really funny comedian, made me smile (at the Lambs) when he said: "Your turkeys are terrific! You're the only guy in show business who can be proud of the turkeys you produce."

Mix 3 cups of fine diced turkey with 1 cup of thick cream sauce; bring to boiling; remove from fire; add 1 egg yolk; season with salt, pepper and dash of nutmeg; cool off.

Have 1 pound of French pastry dough finished. Roll pastry dough out in strip $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches wide by $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick; put turkey mixture in center of these strips; wet edges of dough; cover with another strip; let stand in refrigerator for 10 minutes, then wash with egg; bake in oven at 350 degrees until brown and crisp. Cut in squares to serve hot.

THE WARWICK, N. Y.—Chef de Cuisine George Jeisenberg

Young Turkey Chipolata

George Crandall, Director of CBS Press Information, really handed me an orchid when he wrote: "As one farmer to another, your turkeys are the Creme de la Creme."

Grease a roasting pan and line it with 1 carrot, 1 onion and stalk of celery; cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices. Lay turkey thereon and place in oven to roast for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When vegetables are slightly browned, moisten with 1 cup of dry sautern, and let reduce. Then fill up with 1 pint of good veal gravy, and let the sauce smother to a good consistency. When done, strain this gravy and add 12 small glazed carrots, 12 small glazed onions, 12 whole boiled and glazed chestnuts, 12 small cooked cocktail sausages,

and 4 oz. of salt pork cut in small strips, 1 inch long and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick. Parboil the strips of pork before adding to the sauce. Rectify seasoning, untruss the bird. Serve with sauce over, piping hot.

THE GOTHAM—Chef de Cuisine Miguel Parades

Baked Turkey Sandwich Maison D'Or

Claude Raines, who is also a farmer when he is not doing his chores in Hollywood, wrote: "Your tremendous success raising incomparable turkeys is an achievement you can be proud of."

(Serves 6 persons)

1 lb. sliced white and dark turkey meat 6 toast cut diagonally

First the sauce:

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. American cheese 2 tablespoons flour

1 pint light cream 3 oz. butter

3 egg yolks

Heat butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 10 minutes stirring occasionally. Add cream, stirring constantly for 10 minutes. Add cheese, egg yolks, dash of sherry, nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste. Cook for 5 minutes. Strain through cheese-cloth. Add 2 spoonsful of whipped cream.

Place 6 toasts on bake dish, then 3 slices of dark and 3 slices of white meat. Spread your sauce over it. Bake in hot oven (350° F.) until golden brown. Serve with garden peas or asparagus tips.

THE GOTHAM—Chef de Cuisine Miguel Parades

Minc'd Turkey en Casserole Doris

I certainly appreciate this note from busy Broadway actor-manager Eddie Dowling: "My friends in Washington have been lavish in their praise of the turkeys you shipped them."

(Serves 6 persons—using previously cooked turkey)

2½ lbs. diced turkey, white and 6 wheat cakes

dark meat $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. diced cooked ham

1 pint paprika sauce

First the sauce:

1 medium size onion, chopped

1 tablespoon paprika

1 clove of garlic

2 tablespoons flour

Few pieces of celery, leeks

2 cups chicken or beef stock

and carrot

2 tablespoons lard

Dash of mixed spices

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream

Place all vegetables chopped, into saucepan. Add lard, add spices—fry for 5 minutes. Add flour, stirring constantly and cook for 5 more minutes. Add stock—cook for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain through cheese-cloth. Put back into saucepan; add turkey and ham and cream. Season to taste. Bring to a boil. Serve en casserole topped with wheatcake.

DINDE AU VIN (12 lb. turkey for 8 persons)

(Turkey Stewed in wine)—A favorite of the Duchess of Windsor

Many in the service appreciate the succulent quality of Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys—including Major Clarence Worden, who wrote: "The Thanksgiving Day bird was the finest I have ever eaten."

Disjoint bird as for sauté, preferably in earthenware casserole; melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter. Dredge turkey in flour and sear in the hot butter. Add 2 slices of raw ham, fat removed, that has been diced, 18 to 20 small white onions, 2 cloves of garlic finely chopped, a little thyme, 2 bay leaves, a bouquet of parsley and several whole mushrooms (do not peel them), salt and pepper to taste. Cook until everything is mixed. Pour over the turkey

4 oz. of brandy and blaze. Add 1 cupful of claret, cover the casserole, step up heat and simmer until turkey is very tender. When cooked, if sauce is not thick enough for your taste add little balls of butter mixed with flour and stir.

Cook this dish in the morning or a day before using, as reheating enhances the flavor. Remove the bouquet before serving the dish in the casserole. Serve large buttered croutons with this.

CRANBERRY ORANGE RELISH

I think the following from Mrs. James G. Rogers of New Canaan, Conn., is clever: "Your Thanksgiving turkey was the most delicious we have ever had in our house and its tender succulence reflected clearly the happy hours it must have danced away on the wires at Brittany Hills."

Put 1 orange, rind and all, through food chopper. Blend with 1 can jellied cranberry sauce or 1 jar whole cranberry sauce. Let stand several hours and serve with meat. Makes approximately 2 cups relish.

BROILED TURKEY

Naturally, I ship turkeys all over the country and was pleased when Conrad Nagel wrote from Hollywood: "As a raiser of turkeys you stand supreme and along with the rest of humanity I beat a path to your door to get more of 'The World's Finest Turkeys.'"

Wash bird and dry thoroughly. Brush with melted butter. Preheat broiling compartment and rub rack with onion or garlic, place turkey on rack, skin side down, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place under heat, highest part of bird not less than 4 inches from heat. Broil 45 minutes to an hour, basting with butter and turning to brown on all sides. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices.

SMOKED TURKEY

These are a great delicacy and may be served hot or cold. Smoked turkey can be used instead of fresh turkey in many recipes already outlined. Remember it is very rich and must be sliced thin.

HORS D'OEUVRES

Those who have enjoyed these very different turkeys of mine voluntarily write and express their pleasure. This note from Steve Hannagan; who knows the value of the written word, gives you the idea, "Your turkeys are the best I have ever eaten."

Soften 2 packages of cream cheese, add 1 tablespoon minced chives and 2 teaspoons grated horseradish. Form into small rolls and wrap in very thin slices of smoked turkey. Fasten with a toothpick and put a sprig of watercress on end of each roll.

Saute small rounds of bread in butter. On each round place a small piece of smoked turkey and garnish with sliced stuffed olives.

SMOKED TURKEY NESTS

Ivan Black has won many prizes for his publicity work so naturally I was tickled when he wrote: "Your turkeys and epistles have given me much delight and my family the best turkeys they have ever eaten."

For each serving allow $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of diced smoked turkey, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sauted mushrooms. Arrange on a bed of freshly boiled noodles in an individual serving dish, top with cream sauce made with the turkey stock, grate a liberal sprinkling of sharp cheese over the top and cook 20 minutes in a 400° oven to brown the cheese and blend the flavors.

SMOKED TURKEY BREAST AU GRATIN

Ralph Bellamy, who is doing such a grand job in the Pulitzer Prize play, "State of the Union," wrote: "Your turkeys are really a Hollywood production."

With a sharp knife strip the breast from a smoked turkey and divide it as the grain of the meat suggests into 4 or 5 large pieces from each side. Arrange them in baking dish. Then make a couple of cups of cream sauce, using $\frac{1}{2}$ turkey stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ thin cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cheese, melted in sauce. Season with a teaspoon of Worcestershire and pour over the pieces of turkey breast. Top with buttered crumbs and set in the oven long enough to be brown.

GRILLED SMOKED TURKEY AND CHEESE

It is a grand feeling to have all my clientele look upon me as a friend. As Robert Rochon, Manager of N.E.A. Service, Inc., wrote: "The wonderful quality of your turkeys and the friendly way you do business should make you the King of the turkey industry."

Between 2 slices of well-browned toast put a slice of store cheese cut to fit and a generous layer of smoked turkey. Slide into a hot oven long enough to melt the cheese, and serve very hot. These are fine made at the table on an electric grill.

THE WARWICK, New York—Chef de Cuisine George J. Eisenberg

Baked Smoked Turkey Shortcake

Whenever you listen to "The March of Time" you hear the distinctive voice of Westbrook Van Vhorees, who writes: "My guests still raving about your turkeys. Please put following names on your list of enthusiasts."

Slice 4 oz. of mushrooms and saute lightly in 4 oz. of sweet butter; sprinkle with 1 heaping tablespoon of flour, stir well to heat. To this add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling light cream and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken stock; let boil for about 10 minutes. Add slowly, stirring vigorously the yolks of 2 eggs diluted with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sherry wine; take off the fire and cool off a little, then add about 4 tablespoons of whipped unsweetened cream; place your sliced turkey (white and dark meat) on corn bread, in an earthenware baking dish; pour sauce over and bake under salamander to a nice brown color.

Corn bread for shortcake:

3 teaspoons baking powder	1 tablespoon melted butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn meal	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
1 cup flour	1 well-beaten egg
3 teaspoons sugar	Bake for 25 minutes in 400°
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	oven

TURKEY SOUP

(After enjoying your Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey down to the last morsel, climax your memory of the bird by making Turkey Soup from the carcass.)

Roger Bower, who is responsible for many of the fine shows you hear over W O R wrote: "All the nice things people have written about your super-plus turkeys are gross understatements."

Break up the turkey carcass, place in kettle with about 2 quarts of cold water, sufficient to cover, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 sprig of parsley, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently for 2 to 3 hours, occasionally removing scum. Strain if desired, or can add diced turkey meat, rice or barley.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND—Chef de Cuisine Theophile Kieffer

Turkey Giblets and Barley Soup

Charles Paul (one of radio's noted musical conductors), who has had turkeys from me for years, wrote: "Magnifique! Ausgezeichnet! Molto bene! Muy bien! Underbar! It doesn't matter how you say it, 'The B.F.B. of Brittany Hills' turkeys are tops!'"

A few onions	Water—1 cup per person
The outside leaves of celery	Turkey gizzard, heart and liver
A few carrots and leeks	Turkey neck and wings
Small amount butter	1 cup barley
Salt and pepper to taste	

Chop the onions, celery leaves, carrots and leeks. Let simmer in soup kettle in the butter. After they have cooked a short time, chop the giblets into small pieces and add to vegetables. When slightly cooked, add 1 cup of water for each person to be served. Add the turkey neck and wings and a cup of well-washed barley. Let cook about 1 hour.

Before serving remove neck and wings, take meat from bones and cut into small pieces; then put back into soup. Serve very hot.

Everyone knows "dem bums," the Dodgers', home is in Brooklyn, N. Y. But do you know it is also the home of one of the World's Great Department Stores—Abraham & Strauss, Inc.

A new high in employer-employee relationship has been attained by A&S. Ever mindful of the well-being of their employees, A&S serve the highest quality of food obtainable in the employees' cafeteria. This, of course, includes Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys.

Smoked Turkeys

I was perfectly content to maintain and improve the Brittany Hills high standards in fresh turkeys until you nagged me into reluctant action with an increasing flood of letters. "Don't be an old meanie—why don't you smoke your wonderful turkeys?" "Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys would be heavenly smoked." After a few thousand letters like these, many of them threatening, I finally gave up the struggle and undertook a scientific study of the smoked turkey problem. I found that the alleged secret of smoking turkeys is held so valuable that it is even more closely guarded than the secrets of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. However, after wading through the picturesque propaganda of the advertising copywriters, I found:

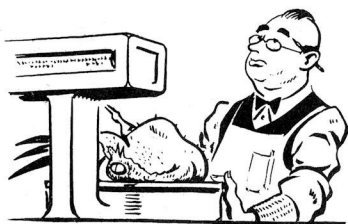
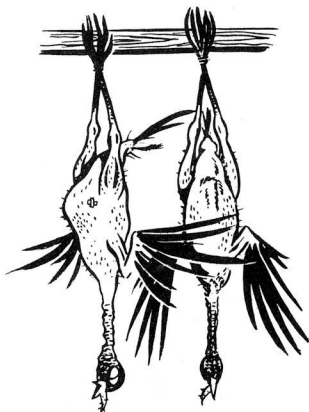
1. The first step in producing excellent smoked turkeys is to raise excellent turkeys. Since I raise the world's finest turkeys, I already had a running start on other turkey smokers.

2. What actually goes into producing a *good* smoked turkey? The same things that go into producing good little girls—namely: "Sugar and spice and everything nice." Naturally the sugar, the spice, the herbs and the etceteras are all of the best quality and all used with a generous hand.

3. Probing ancient records reveals apple wood is the ideal wood to cook and smoke a turkey. Since Brittany Hills abounds with apple trees, I not only get the much-needed exercise of cutting down apple trees and sawing the wood into logs but I also provide the fuel which gives a Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey, not the burnt mahogany, just-back-from-Florida look, but the luscious golden, honey colored appearance and flavor which distinguishes Brittany Hills White Holland Smoked Turkeys.

¶ A timely warning to gourmets: Brittany Hills White Holland Smoked Turkey is extremely rich—a little goes a long way.

Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys are in a class by themselves and are not to be compared to those pin feathered, blue complexioned, iron muscled, spavined wretches you'll see dangling drearily on the butcher's hooks.



My incomparable turkeys weigh from 8 to 30 lbs. Weights are computed on the same basis as you purchase turkeys in butcher shops. We completely prepare them for the oven, with nary a pin feather. I could give Ripley and his "Believe it or Not" an item—"Many butchers purchase their personal turkeys from me."

Discriminating Buyers are Quality Buyers. Those who have purchased turkeys from me for years voluntarily attest that Brittany Hills white Holland are not only "The World's Finest Turkey" but also the most economical to serve.



THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW DEPARTMENT

Dear B. F. B.:

What size turkey should I order and how much will it cost?

Very truly yours,

Gourmet

Dear Gourmet:

Isn't it revolting that a pair of artistic souls like you and me should have to discuss money? However (sigh), here goes . . .

★ A Brittany Hills Fresh White Holland Turkey costs seventy-five cents a pound.

★ A Brittany Hills White Holland Turkey Broiler costs one dollar a pound.

★ A Brittany Hills White Holland Smoked Turkey, cooked and ready to serve, costs one dollar and fifty cents a pound.

Brittany Hills Smoked Turkeys are delivered free of charge to any point in the United States or Canada.

Brittany Hills Fresh Turkeys and Broilers are delivered free within a radius of three hundred miles of New York City. There is a small delivery charge on turkeys delivered over greater distances.

Holiday orders (Thanksgiving and Christmas) must be in our hands a month in advance. And here's why: It takes many long months of personal supervision (and I am finicky about it) to train an employee in the proper care and handling of Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys. As the Holiday season approaches we can not and will not rely on "extra help" to see us through—therefore, the onrush of orders finds us often swamped and overworked unless your orders arrive early. Since Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys are raised for consumption the year 'round, they are available in the non-holiday times for delivery within thirty-six hours. Brittany Hills White Holland

Turkeys make an ideal gift for any occasion, such as birthdays, anniversaries and festive get-togethers. A bird a month is a standing order with many of our customers. For your further information: roasting turkeys weigh from eight to thirty pounds. A small family would enjoy a bird weighing from ten to sixteen pounds. Should you wish to entertain a large party, twenty pounds and up would be perfect. Twenty pounds and over are the usual gift weights. Broiler turkeys weigh between five and six pounds each. Naturally there is plenty of meat on these miniature works of art. Smoked Turkeys weigh from seven to sixteen pounds net. Larger smoked turkeys are available on request. If I can not give you exact weight desired, you will be billed for additional weight, if lesser weight is shipped, naturally you will be refunded on the difference. It is well to give a three-pound leeway either way when ordering. Example: Fifteen to eighteen pounds.

You will be delighted, not only with these incomparable turkeys but also the beautiful manner in which they are packaged.

The only chore for you to perform, is to make your selection, stating date desired and poundage and enclose your check in an envelope addressed to:

Arthur R. Vinton
The Barefoot Boy of Brittany Hills
Rock Tavern, New York

P.S.: I will be delighted to have you open an account upon receipt of satisfactory credit references.



Quality Attracts Quality



It is a great satisfaction to me, that for years I have been entrusted with fulfilling the requirements of these outstanding firms with Brittany Hills White Holland Turkeys.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS, INC., Brooklyn Department Store — "Throughout the years that you have supplied us turkeys, you have maintained a consistent high standard of quality."

EARL BENHAM CO., INC. — "Each year it's the same old pleasant story. We receive glowing letters of thanks from those who have received your turkeys." — *Earl Benham*

PHIL BRINN, INC. — "You certainly have built a better mouse trap. My friends are very happy to have learned about your amazing turkeys." — *Phil Brinn*

CONTAINER CORP. OF AMERICA — "We have enjoyed your turkeys for years and their outstanding quality is the answer to your phenomenal growth." — *R. B. Bennet*

D. L. & W. COAL CO. — "Frankly this is one of the few times when the product not only lived up to advance notices but exceeded the fondest hopes of the press agent." — *C. M. Spencer, Adv. Mgr.*

FRIGID FREEZE SALES — "Feel you should know that we appreciate the high quality of your turkeys and your unfailing service." — *F. Sharon*

HARDY & Co. — "You are to be commended for the superlative quality of your turkeys and your friendly way of doing business." — *W. F. Webster*

W. F. HALL PRINTING CO. — "Our re-ordering turkeys from you for years is ample proof as to what we

think of their quality." — *Harry O'Connor*

KNITOWN TOGS CORP. — "Thought you would like to know friends that received your turkeys have been lavish in their praise." — *Jerome Goldmnn*

K. A. LUTHER & Co. — "All our friends and associates enjoyed the delicious Brittany Hills Turkeys again this year. I can think of nothing but highest praise for them." — *K. A. Luther, Pres.*

PHILIP MORRIS CO., LTD. — "All the people who received the turkeys raved about the quality and attractive manner in which they were packed." — *T. F. Gannon, Vice-Pres.*

GEORGE E. STERN SALES — "Friends who received your wonderful turkeys have been highly enthusiastic regarding same." — *Geo. E. Stern*

TECLA — "The turkeys you sent on my behalf to various friends of mine and their grateful acknowledgment and enthusiasm of your quality, has indeed been very gratifying to me." — *Ben Blumenthal, Pres.*

TOURS — "Years ago we discovered the incomparable quality of your turkeys as gifts and you have never failed us." — *Archie Wilson*

WARWICK & LEGLER, INC. — "Both Paul Warwick and myself agree with your claims that you have 'The World's Finest Turkey.'" — *Tevie Huhn*

